

Rebellion given over House-keeping :

O R,

A General Sale of Rebellious Houshold stuff.

Being a Pleasant New Song.

To the Tune of, Old Simon the King.



Rebellion hath broken up House,
and hath left me Old Lumber to sell :

Come hither and take your choice,

I'll promise to use you well.

Will you buy the Old Speaker's Chair,

which was warm, and ealie to sit in,

And oftentimes hath been made clean,

when as it was fouler then sitting :

Says Old *Simon* the King,

say, O *Simon* the King,

With his thread-bare Cloaths, and his Mamsey

sing hey ding, ding, a ding ding. (Note,

Will you buy any becon sitches?

they're the sitches that ever were spent ;

They're the sides of the old Committees,

fed up, with th' long parchment.

Here's a pair of bellows and tongs,

and for a small matter I'll sell 'em ;

They're made of the Presbiters Lungs,

to blow up the Coals of Rebellion,

Says old *Simon* the King, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
to some Blacksmith for his Forge ;

But now I have consider'd on't,

I for them have found other use :

For I'll give them to some Whore,

to make the Organs to roar,

And the little Pipes to work higher
then ever they did before,

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With his Thread-bare Cloaths, and his mamsey
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Here's a couple of stools for sale,
the one square and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the Tail
of the Rump fell unto the Ground.
Will you buy the States Council Table,
which was made of the good wain-Scot;
The frame was a tottering Vable
to uphold th' independent plot;
Says old *Simon* the King, &c.

Here's the Beesom of Reformation,
which should have made clean the Floor;
But it swept the wealth out of th' Nation
and left us Dirt good store.
Will you buy States Spining wheel,
which spun for the Ropers Trade?
But better it had stood still,
for now it has spun a fair Thread?
Says old *Simon* the king, &c.

Here's a very good Clyster Pipe,
which was made of a Butchers rump;
And oft times it hath been us'd
to cure the Colds of the Rump.
Here's a lump of Ignorance,
which once was a Justice of peace,
Who did and the Devil did serve,
but now it is come to this,
Says old *Simon* the King, &c.

Here's a Role of States Tobacco,
if any Good fellow will take it:
It's neither Virginia nor Spanish,
but I'll tell you how they do make it;
Tis Covenant mixt with Engagement,
with an Abjuration Oath;
And many of them that did take it
complain it was foul in the Mouth,
Says Old *Simon* the King, &c.

For the Aches may happily seeke
to cure the Scab of the Nation,
When they have an itch to serve
a Rebellion by Innovation,
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
the like was scarce e're begotten;
For many a Plot't has found out,
before they ever were thought on,
Says old *Simon* the King, &c.

Will you buy the Rumps great Saddle,
which once did carry the Nation;
And here's the Bite and the Bridle,
and Curb of Dissimulation?
Here's the Breeches of the Rump,
With a fair dissembling Cloak,
And a Presbyterian Lump,
with an Independent Smock,
Says old *Simon* the King, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience ne'r turn'd,
which served the High Court of Justice?
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd,
but Hell will buy that if the worst is:
Here's Ioan Crumwells Kitching-stuff-Tub,
wherein is the Fat of the Rumpers,
With which the Old Noll's Horns did rub,
when he was got drunk with full *Bumpers*:
Says Old *Simon* the King, &c.

Here's the Purse of the Publique Faith,
here's the Model of Sequestration,
Here are the old wives who on good troth,
lent Chimbles to ruine the Nation:
Here is Dick Crumwel's Protectorship,
and here is Lambert's Commission,
And here is Hugh Peters his Scrip,
cramp'd with the Tumultuous Petitions.
Says Old *Simon* the King, &c.

Here's Oliver's Brewing Vessels,
and here's his Dray and his Slings:
Here's Hewson's Aul and his Bristles,
with Oliver's other odd things.
And what doth the price belong
to all these matters before ye?
He sell them all for an old song,
and so I do end my story
Says old *Simon* the King,
Says old *Simon* the King,
With his thread-bare cloaths, & a Mamsey Nose
Sing hey ding, ding, ading ding.

FINIS.

Printed for J. W. J. C. W. T. T. P.
and M. C.